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# SUICIDE SQUAD



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# SUICIDE SQUAD

**H**IGH IN THE ROLLS OF COURAGE AND HONOUR  
STAND THE ROYAL ENGINEERS. BRAVE,  
TOUGH MEN, WORKING UNDER IMPOSSIBLE  
CONDITIONS AND OFTEN UNDER HEAVY FIRE,  
THEIR COURAGE AND SKILL KEPT THE ALLIED  
ARMIES ADVANCING



SAPPER WILLIAMS WAS SUCH A MAN, BUT ONE WHO FOUND  
THAT HIS WORST ENEMY WAS NEITHER THE SUN NOR SAND  
NOR ENEMY BULLETS BUT HIMSELF

## Chapter 1. *The Joker*

IN 1942, THE LIBYAN DESERT SHUDDERED TO THE THUNDER OF ARTILLERY, AS TWO GREAT ARMIES BECAME LOCKED IN SAVAGE CONFLICT FOR THE MASTERY OF NORTH AFRICA.

COME ON, NUMBER TWO, WE'RE NOT TRYING TO SAVE AMMUNITION ... GIVE IT ALL TO JERRY!

THEY CAN HAVE IT, SARGE!

EYES NARROWED AGAINST THE FIERCE STABS OF FLAME, THE CAPTAIN CHECKED THE RATE OF FIRE AGAINST THE SECOND HAND OF HIS WATCH. SATISFIED, HE NODDED TO HIS JUNIOR

YOU'VE GOT A WELL-TRAINED BATTERY HERE, LIEUTENANT. THIS SHOULD KEEP JERRY BUSY UNTIL DAWN ...

THAT'S WHEN THE ARMoured COLUMNS MOVE OUT, ISN'T IT, SIR? WISH I COULD GO WITH 'EM!

DOWN IN THE ASSEMBLY AREA, SAPPER TIM WILLIAMS OF THE 5TH MINE CLEARANCE COMPANY OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS ECHOED THE LIEUTENANT'S ENVY BUT FOR A DIFFERENT REASON



WISH I'D JOINED THE TANKS, JOE. JUST LOOK AT ALL THAT ARMOUR PLATE!

I'VE SEEN WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ONE OF THOSE THINGS GETS HIT, MATE ... YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

JOE BUSBY BRACED HIMSELF FOR ANOTHER ARGUMENT. HE LIKED TIM, BUT HIS PATIENCE WAS WEARING THIN AT THE OTHER'S HABIT OF TELLING TALL STORIES



ARMOUR ALWAYS MEANS SAFETY, JOE. I'LL BET THE C.O. THINKS THE SAME WAY ... THAT'S WHY WE'VE GOT CASES OF ARMOUR STACKED IN THE STORES, RIGHT NOW!

ARMOUR? ARE YOU JOKING?





SERGEANT JOCK MACKENZIE, SIX-FOOT FOUR OF IRON HARD MUSCLE AND SINEW, LOWERED BUSHY EYEBROWS OVER GIMLET EYES AS HE STARED AT THE EXCITED SAPPER.



MACKENZIE HESITATED, THEN, SENSING THE MOOD OF THE MEN, SIGHED AND LED THE WAY TOWARDS THE STORES

OLD FRED COULD HAVE DONE WITH SOMETHING LIKE THIS. HE'D BE ALIVE NOW IF THAT SHRAPNEL HADN'T GOT HIM . . .

IT'S ABOUT TIME THEY GAVE US SOME REAL PROTECTION . . .

I DINNA BELIEVE THIS NONSENSE, BUT I'VE GOT TO KILL THE RUMOUR BEFORE IT SPREADS!

ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE, THE CORPORAL IN CHARGE OF THE STORES LOOKED AMAZED AS HE SAW THE CROWD OUTSIDE. HE WAS EVEN MORE AMAZED WHEN HE FOUND OUT WHAT THEY WANTED . . .

YOU MUST BE DREAMING, SARGE! WE HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING LIKE THAT HERE!

I KEN THAT, LADDIE, BUT I WANT TO SHOW THESE BOYS THAT THERE'S NOTHING HERE. SHOW ME WHERE YOU SAW 'EM, BUSBY!

I DIDN'T SEE 'EM, SARGE . . . IT WAS TIM . . .

WILLIAMS, EH? COME HERE, LADDIE!



## Suicide Squad

TIM FROZE AS THE SERGEANT'S BULL-ROAR HALTED HIM IN HIS TRACKS. HIS GRIN VANISHED AS A BEEFY ARM HAULED HIM INTO THE TENT. WEAKLY, HE POINTED TOWARDS A STACK OF CRATES

THERE THEY ARE, SARGE.  
YOU CAN SEE  
FOR YOURSELF.



FUMING WITH RAGE, MACKENZIE STRODE OVER TO THE CRATES, SNATCHED ONE UP IN HIS BIG ARMS AND THRUST IT THROUGH THE OPENING OF THE TENT.

HERE'S WHAT YOU WERE GETTING ALL  
EXCITED ABOUT, YOU BRAINLESS IDIOTS!  
IT'S JUST ONE OF WILLIAMS'  
JOKES.

THAT  
WILLIAMS!  
I'D LIKE  
TO...

YARMOUTH  
TINNED  
SARDINES

THE  
SARGE'LL  
GIVE HIM  
WHAT-FOR!





INSIDE THE TENT, JOE BUSBY WAS SHAME-FACED BENEATH MACKENZIE'S CONTEMPT. BUT HIS REAL RAGE WAS RESERVED FOR WILLIAMS. DEFIANTLY, TIM TRIED TO DEFEND HIMSELF.

WELL, IT LOOKED LIKE THE WORD ARMOUR ON THOSE CRATES.

ANOTHER OF YOUR JOKES, EH? OCH, MAN, I DON'T KNOW WHO'S THE BIGGER FOOL... YOU OR BUSBY FOR LISTENING TO YOU!

IRRITABLY, THE SERGEANT STALKED AWAY. JOE TURNED AS TIM CHUCKLED.

YOU SWALLOWED THAT ONE, HOOK, LINE AND SINKED, JOE...

THINK IT'S FUNNY, EH? WELL, SEE HOW YOU LIKE THIS!

SMARTING WITH RAGE AND BURNING WITH SHAME AT HAVING BEEN MADE TO LOOK A FOOL, BUSBY'S TEMPER SNAPPED IN A SUDDEN EXPLOSION OF SAVAGE VIOLENCE.

UGH!

YOU'VE BEEN ASKING FOR THIS FOR A LONG TIME.

MORE SURPRISED  
THAN HURT, TIM  
STAGGERED TO  
THE GROUND . . .

YOU'RE A PAIN  
IN THE NECK TO  
EVERYONE WHO KNOWS  
YOU! WE'RE GETTING  
SICK TO THE TEETH  
WITH YOUR TALL  
STORIES . . .



SOME  
PEOPLE CAN'T  
TAKE A JOKE.  
WELL, FROM NOW  
ON I'LL BE SERIOUS.  
I'LL BET THEY'LL  
BE THE FIRST  
TO REGRET  
IT . . .





AS DAWN LIGHTENED THE SKY, THE SHARLING ROAR OF ENGINES MERGED WITH THE THUNDER OF THE GUNS. FROM HIS BATTERY, THE R.A. LIEUTENANT WATCHED AS THE ATTACK COMMENCED



AS THE SCREAMING SHELLS CEASED POUNDING THEIR POSITION, THE GERMAN FORCES READIED THEMSELVES FOR THE EXPECTED ATTACK

ASSEMBLE YOUR ARMOUR AT SECTOR SEVEN, OBERLEUTNANT. WE MUST COUNTER-ATTACK FROM THE FLANK. SCHNELL!

JAWOHL, HERE HAUPTMANN!



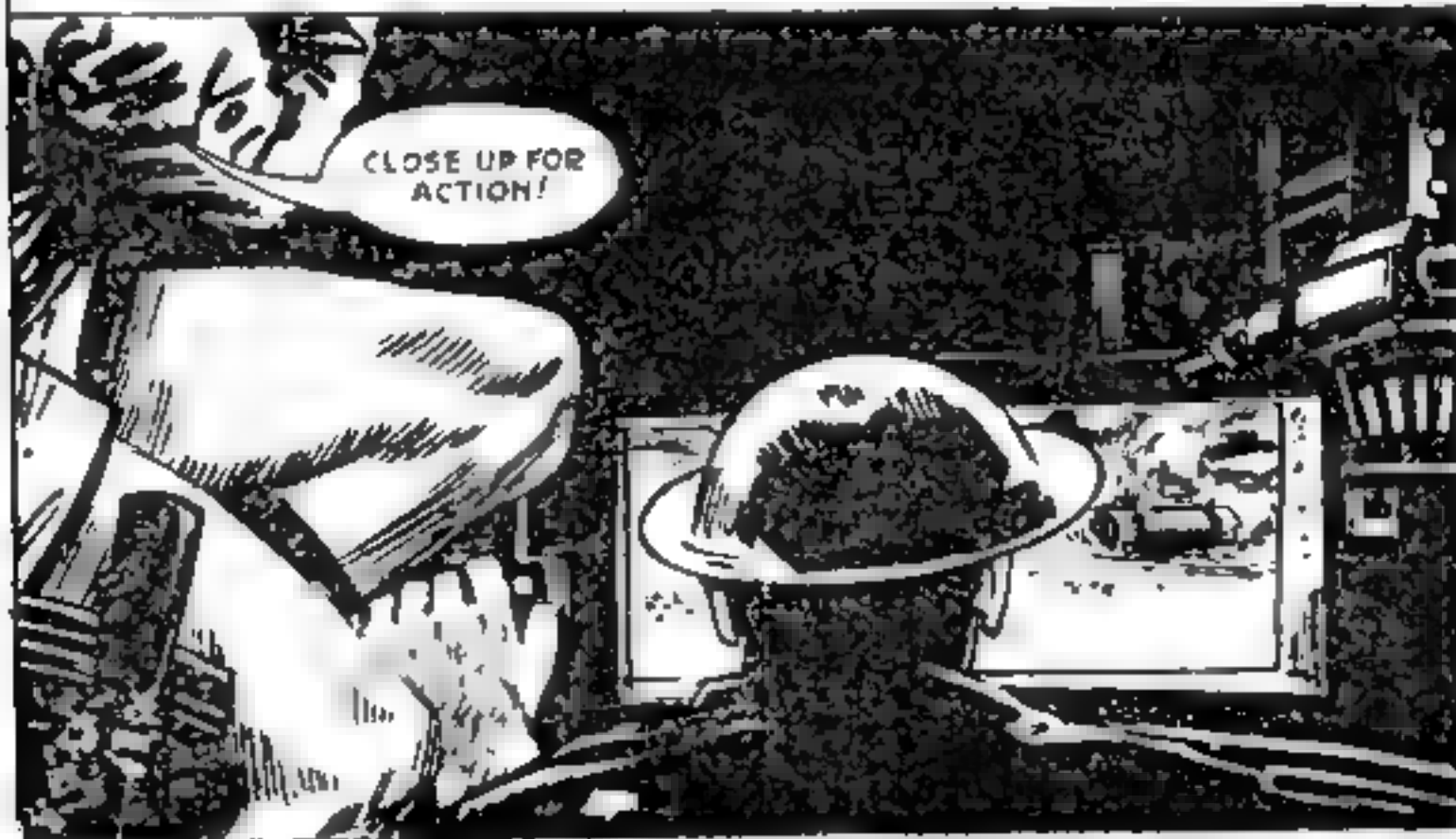
GRIMLY, HALPTMANN FRANZ LINTZ LED HIS SHATTERED FORCES ON A WIDE FLANKING MOVEMENT. HE STUDIED THE DISTANT CLOUD OF PLUMING SAND MADE BY THE ADVANCING BRITISH TANKS . . .

THE ENGLISH BARRAGE HAS ROBBED US OF OUR STRENGTH . . . BUT WE MUST DO WHAT WE CAN . . .



THE MEN OF THE BRITISH TANK CORPS WAITED FOR THE ENEMY TO GET WITHIN RANGE. SUN AND ENGINE HEAT RAISED THE INTERIOR OF THE TANKS TO OVEN TEMPERATURES.

CLOSE UP FOR ACTION!

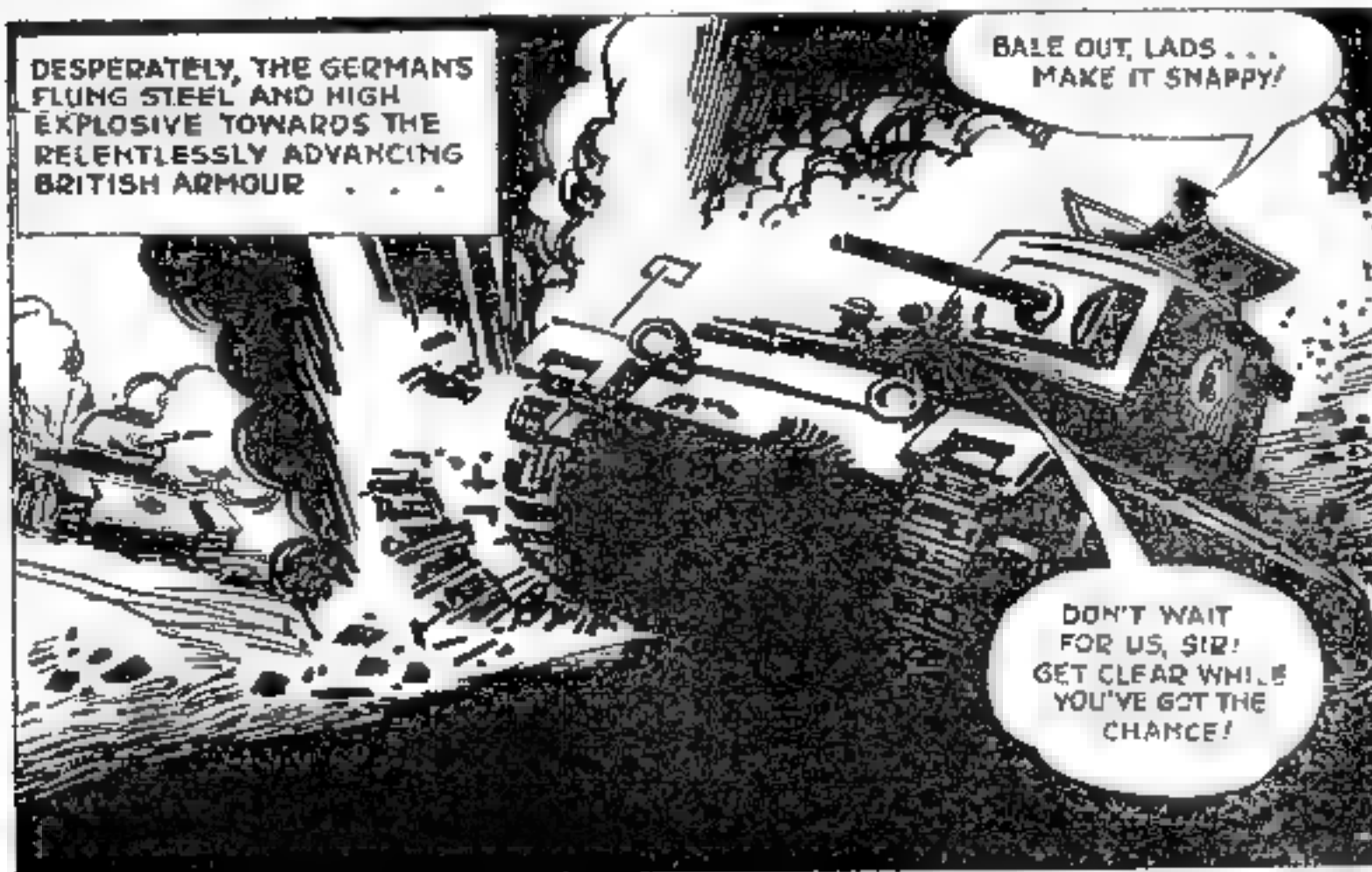






FOR LONG, TENSE MINUTES  
THE TWO FORCES FACED  
EACH OTHER. THEN FLAME  
AND SMOKE WREATHED  
THE GUN MUZZLES

DESPERATELY, THE GERMANS  
FLUNG STEEL AND HIGH  
EXPLOSIVE TOWARDS THE  
RELENTLESSLY ADVANCING  
BRITISH ARMOUR . . .



BALE OUT, LADS . . .  
MAKE IT SNAPPY!

DON'T WAIT  
FOR US, SIR!  
GET CLEAR WHILE  
YOU'VE GOT THE  
CHANCE!

KNOCKED OUT OF ACTION, THE CRIPPLED TANK PRESENTED NO THREAT. BUT ONE GERMAN GUNNER COULD NOT RESIST SUCH AN EASY TARGET. A DIRECT HIT SLAMMED THROUGH THE TANK'S ARMOUR.



BUT EVEN AS THE GERMAN GUNNER SMILED SAVAGELY AT HIS EASY VICTORY, FLAME AND STEEL SMASHED HIS TANK TO SHATTERED RUIN.





WEAKENED, THE GERMANS FELL BACK UNTIL EVEN HALPTMANN LINTZ  
HAD TO ADMIT DEFEAT



THE BRITISH TANKS  
ROLLED AFTER THE GERMANS,  
THEIR SHARLING GUNS  
LITTERING THE STONY DESERT  
WITH THE WRECKAGE OF  
GERMAN MIGHT . . .

STEP ON  
IT, DRIVER.  
LET'S GET THEM  
WHILE WE'VE  
GOT THE  
CHANCE.

LOOK  
AT THOSE  
JERRIES  
RUN!



IT SEEMED A COMPLETE ROUT, BUT WILY OLD MAJOR HENDRICKS WAS NOT FOOLED BY APPEARANCES. CURTLY, HE GAVE THE ORDER TO HALT, A TIGHT SMILE ON HIS TANNED FACE AS HE HEARD THE COMMENTS OF HIS JUNIOR OFFICERS

WHY ARE WE WASTING TIME LIKE THIS, SIR? WE HAD JERRY ON THE HOP.

ON THE FACE OF IT WE HAVE THE GERMANS BEATEN, GENTLEMEN... BUT THEIR QUICK RETREAT SEEMS A LITTLE SUSPICIOUS TO ME...

I'M WILLING TO RISK A TRAP, BUT I'D PREFER TO BE PREPARED FOR IT. WE'LL ASSEMBLE HERE FOR REFUELLING AND RELOADING. IN TWO HOURS, WE CONTINUE THE ATTACK!



FAR AHEAD IN THE DESERT, HAUPTMANN LINTZ SLAMMED HIS FIELD-GLASSES BACK IN THEIR CASE AND TURNED A SCOWLING FACE TOWARDS HIS JUNIOR OFFICER.

ARE THEY COMING, HERR HAUPTMANN? DID THE PLAN WORK AS EXPECTED?

NEIN! THEIR COMMANDER HAS OUTGUESSED US. HE SHOULD HAVE FOLLOWED CLOSE BEHIND US, SO THAT OUR RESERVES COULD HAVE HIT HIS FLANK

LINTZ JUMPED DOWN FROM HIS TURRET, HIS TANNED FACE DARK WITH THOUGHT. SUDDENLY HE SMILED GRIMLY . . .

ALL IS NOT YET LOST. WE SHALL UNITE WITH THE RESERVES AND MAKE A FRONTAL FEINT.

JAWOHL, HERR HAUPTMANN. I SEE WHAT YOU INTEND. THEY WILL NOT KNOW WHAT HAS HIT THEM!

EAGER FOR ACTION, THE BRITISH COLUMN CONTINUED THE ATTACK. THEN A JUNIOR COMMANDER WIDENED HIS EYES IN AMAZED DISBELIEF AT WHAT HE SAW AHEAD . . .

ENEMY ARMoured COLUMN AHEAD! IT LOOKS AS IF WE'RE RUNNING SMACK INTO A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!

REPORT RECEIVED. THIS SAVES US HAVING TO LOOK FOR THEM . . .

CROUCHED IN THE OVEN-HOT STEEL, THE TANK MEN ROLLED TOWARDS THE GERMAN ARMOUR AHEAD. IMPATIENTLY, THE GUNNERS CHECKED THEIR SIGHTS . . .

TAKE IT EASY,  
BILL, WE'RE GOING  
FLAT-OUT. THE  
ENGINE'LL  
OVERHEAT!

GENERAL  
ORDER TO ALL  
UNITS. HOLD  
YOUR FIRE UNTIL  
DIRECTED!

THEN, AS THE BRITISH GUNNERS WAITED TO FIRE, FLAME AND DEATH ROARED FROM THE STONY SAND IN A SHATTERING BLAST OF DESTRUCTION . . .

AAAGH!

MORE EXPLOSIONS CAME, AND THE BRITISH TANKS LURCHED TO A CONFUSED HALT. . .



QUICKLY THE MINE CLEARANCE COMPANY SWUNG INTO ACTION. EARS STRAINING FOR THE TELL-TALE CLICKS WHICH WOULD SIGNAL THE PRESENCE OF BURIED METAL, THEY SWEEPED THE GROUND BEFORE THE WAITING TANKS. . .





INTENT ON HIS TASK, TIM WAS TOO BUSY TO LISTEN TO OUTSIDE COMMENTS. CAREFULLY HE EASED ONE MINE FROM ITS HIDING PLACE . . .

BETTER MAKE SURE THIS ISN'T BOOBY-TRAPPED. THERE MIGHT BE ANOTHER ONE UNDERNEATH!



HE DUG DEEPER AND GAVE AN INVOLUNTARY GASP AS HIS PROBING FINGERS FELT SOMETHING METALLIC FARTHER DOWN

SO THEY *DID* DOUBLE-PLANT THIS ONE. I'D BE DEAD NOW IF I'D HURRIED . . . HOPE THE REST OF THE CHAPS DON'T GET CARELESS!



THEN THE GERMANS SPRANG THE JAWS OF THEIR VICIOUS TRAP. THEIR ARTILLERY OPENED FIRE ON THE AREA AROUND THE TRAPPED TANKS . . .



DOWN!  
ALL OF YOU,  
DOWN AND GRAB  
COVER!

AAAAAH!

COME ON,  
JOE!

HURRIED, SHAKEN BY THE ROARING BLAST OF SHELLS, JOE FORGOT HIS CAUTION. HE HAD CLEARED ONE MINE, BUT HE DID NOT STOP TO THINK THAT THERE MIGHT BE ANOTHER BENEATH.



SICKENED BY THE DEATH OF HIS FRIEND, TIM Huddled AGAINST THE SOLID STEEL OF A TANK, HIS FACE A MASK OF HORROR . . .

DID YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO JOE? IT WAS HORRIBLE!

THIS IS WAR, WILLIAMS. NOW GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF WE'VE A LOT OF WORK TO DO BEFORE THIS IS OVER!

WHEN THE ENEMY GUNS RELAPSED INTO SILENCE, THE SAPPERS RETURNED GRIMLY TO THEIR TASK. HOURS LATER, MACKENZIE WEARILY REPORTED TO CAPTAIN WESTON...

THE AREA HAS BEEN CLEARED AND MARKED, SIR. IT'S GETTING TOO DARK TO WORK SAFELY NOW . . .

YOU'D BETTER WITHDRAW THE MEN NOW AND SEE THEY GET SOME FOOD AND REST, SERGEANT . . .



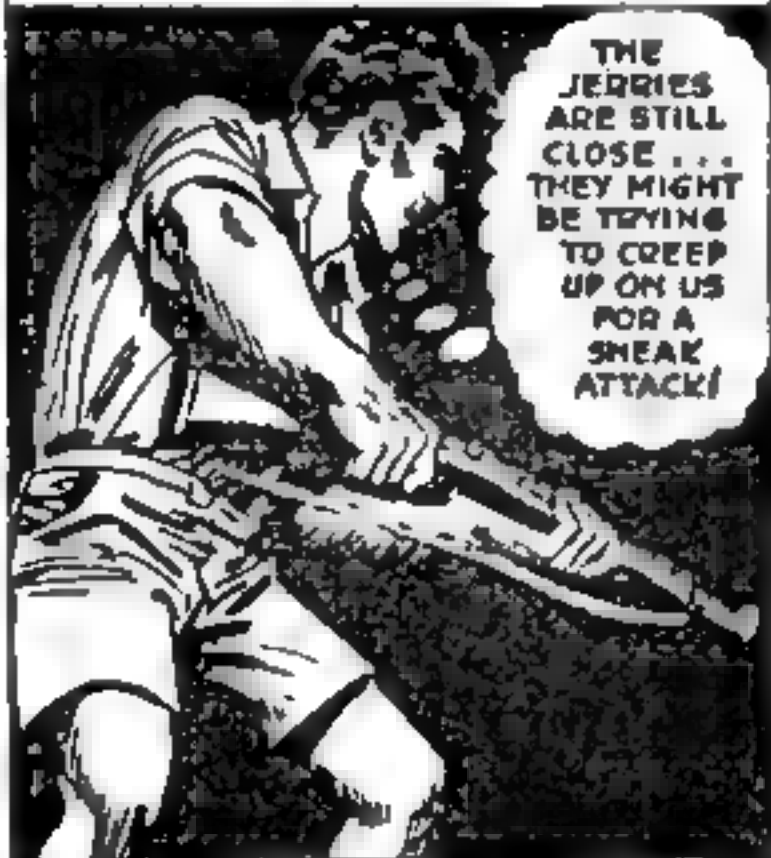
BUT THERE WAS NO REST FOR TIM WILLIAMS LYING WIDE EYED IN THE DARKNESS HIS OVERSTRAINED NERVES WOULD NOT LET HIM SLEEP

POOR OLD JOE, WHAT A WAY TO DIE . . . IT WAS ONLY LAST NIGHT WHEN I PLAYED THAT JOKE ON HIM AND NOW HE'S DEAD...  
**WHAT'S THAT?**



NERVES TINGLING, TIM ROSE TO HIS FEET, LISTENING FOR THE SLIGHTEST SOUND.

THE JERRIES ARE STILL CLOSE . . . THEY MIGHT BE TRYING TO CREEP UP ON US FOR A SNEAK ATTACK!



SUDDENLY, SOMETHING SEEMED TO FLIT THROUGH THE DARKNESS IN FRONT OF TIM WILLIAMS. THE RIFLE SPRANG TO HIS SHOULDER, AS TIM GAVE WAY TO UTTER PANIC . . .

**HELP!  
GUARDS!  
WE'RE BEING  
ATTACKED!**



THE REST OF THE MEN LEAPT TO THEIR FEET AS THE BARK OF THE RIFLE AND THE WILD YELL JERKED THEM AWAKE. INSTINCTIVELY, THEY FIRED TOWARDS THE IMAGINED ENEMY.

WHERE ARE THEY?  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?

THEY'RE OUT THERE!  
QUICK, BEAT THEM OFF  
BEFORE THEY GET US!

CEASE FIRE!  
HOLD YOUR  
FIRE  
THERE!

THE BIG SERGEANT'S ROAR BROUGHT ORDER BACK TO THE CAMP. EYES BURNING WITH RAGE, HE GLARED AT THE TREMBLING YOUNG SAPPER.

ANOTHER OF YOUR JOKES,  
WILLIAMS? THIS TIME  
THE JOKE'S ON YOU. YOU'LL  
SEE MAJOR ROBINSON  
WHEN WE GET BACK  
TO CAMP.

BUT  
I SAW  
SOMETHING!  
SARGE,  
YOU'VE GOT  
TO LISTEN...

MAJOR ROBINSON SIGHED AS HE READ TIM'S SERVICE RECORD



ROBINSON NODDED AS MACKENZIE CONTINUED. HE HAD MET MEN BEFORE WHO HAD TO BE IN THE LIMELIGHT AND WHO WOULD INVENT THE MOST OUTRAGEOUS TALES TO GET THERE.

I KNOW HIS TYPE, SERGEANT, BUT WE MUST GIVE HIM THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT. HE WAS TIRED, OVERSTRAINED AND HE COULD HAVE BEEN FRIGHTENED BY ALMOST ANYTHING...

IT'S NOT LIKELY, SIR, BUT...



WILLIAMS IS DUE FOR SOME LEAVE. IN THE MEANTIME, THE UNIT IS PULLING BACK FOR REFITTING. FIND SOMETHING TO KEEP HIM BUSY FOR THE TIME BEING.

AYE, SIR, I'LL SEE TO IT!





THE NEXT FEW DAYS WERE BUSY FOR SAPPER TIM WILLIAMS AND THE ONLY BRIGHT SPOT ON THE HORIZON WAS HIS COMING LEAVE.



I'LL THINK OF YOU LADS WHEN I'M IN CAIRO. JUST IMAGINE IT, BOYS, A WHOLE WEEK IN LUXURY!

WHY DON'T YOU SHUT UP?

SLOWLY FRED HESTON SPEARED ANOTHER POTATO, HIS VOICE BITTER AS HE VOICED THE FEELINGS OF ALL OF THEM



I DON'T MIND DOING FATIGUES, MATE, BUT HAVING TO LISTEN TO YOUR GUFF IS TOO MUCH.

DON'T BE LIKE THAT, FRED. YOU'RE ONLY MARKED BECAUSE YOU CAN'T SPEND A WEEK IN A POSH HOTEL!

NEXT DAY, MACKENZIE HANDED TIM A LETTER. RIPPING IT OPEN, HE STARED AT THE CONTENTS, THEN WAVED IT TRIUMPHANTLY.



EARLY NEXT MORNING, TIM, PAPERS IN ORDER AND ACCUMULATED BACK PAY BURNING IN HIS POCKET, STEPPED BRISKLY TOWARDS THE WAITING TRANSPORT.

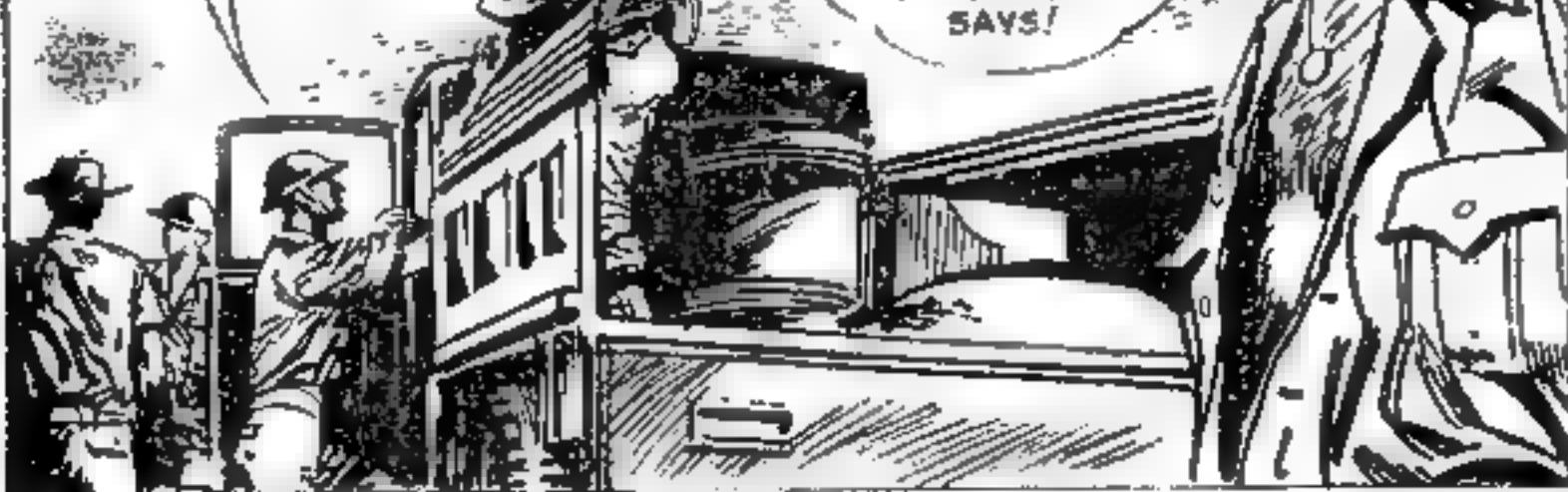


STANDING BY THE LORRY TAILBOARD, TIM GRINNED DOWN AT HIS ENVIOUS COMRADES. WEARILY, THE DRIVER SNAPPED A WARNING AS HE HEADED FOR THE CAB.

WATCH IT, CHUM. THE ROADS AREN'T EXACTLY SMOOTH AND WE DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOU.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, MATE. I USED TO WALK A TIGHTROPE IN A CIRCUS...

PERISHIN' BIGHEAD! YOU CAN'T BELIEVE A WORD HE SAYS!



WITH A DELIBERATE JERK, THE TRUCK SHOT FORWARD. TIM WAVED TO THE OTHERS AS HE SWEEPED OUT OF CAMP ON THE ROAD TO CAIRO.

SO LONG, BOYS! I'LL BE THINKING OF YOU WHEN I'M ENJOYING MYSELF IN CAIRO TONIGHT!

SO LONG, CHUM, HAVE A GOOD TIME!

LUCKY BLOKE... WISH IT WAS ME...





## Chapter 2. *Prisoner of War*

FAR OUT IN THE DESERT BETWEEN THE CAMP AND CAIRO, LEUTNANT OTTO SCHULTZ SLOWLY SCANNED THE SANDY WASTES, THEN LOWEDED HIS POWERFUL FIELD GLASSES WITH A DISAPPOINTED GRUNT.

CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING, HERE LEUTNANT?

NO—THE DESERT IS EMPTY OF EVERYTHING BUT SCORPIONS. MOVE CLOSER TO THE CAIRO ROAD, DRIVER.



OTTO NOTICED THE DOUBTFUL EXPRESSION ON THE FACE OF HIS FRIEND AND COMRADE, FELDWEBEL HANS KIRCHEIM.

IS  
SOMETHING  
WRONG, HANS?

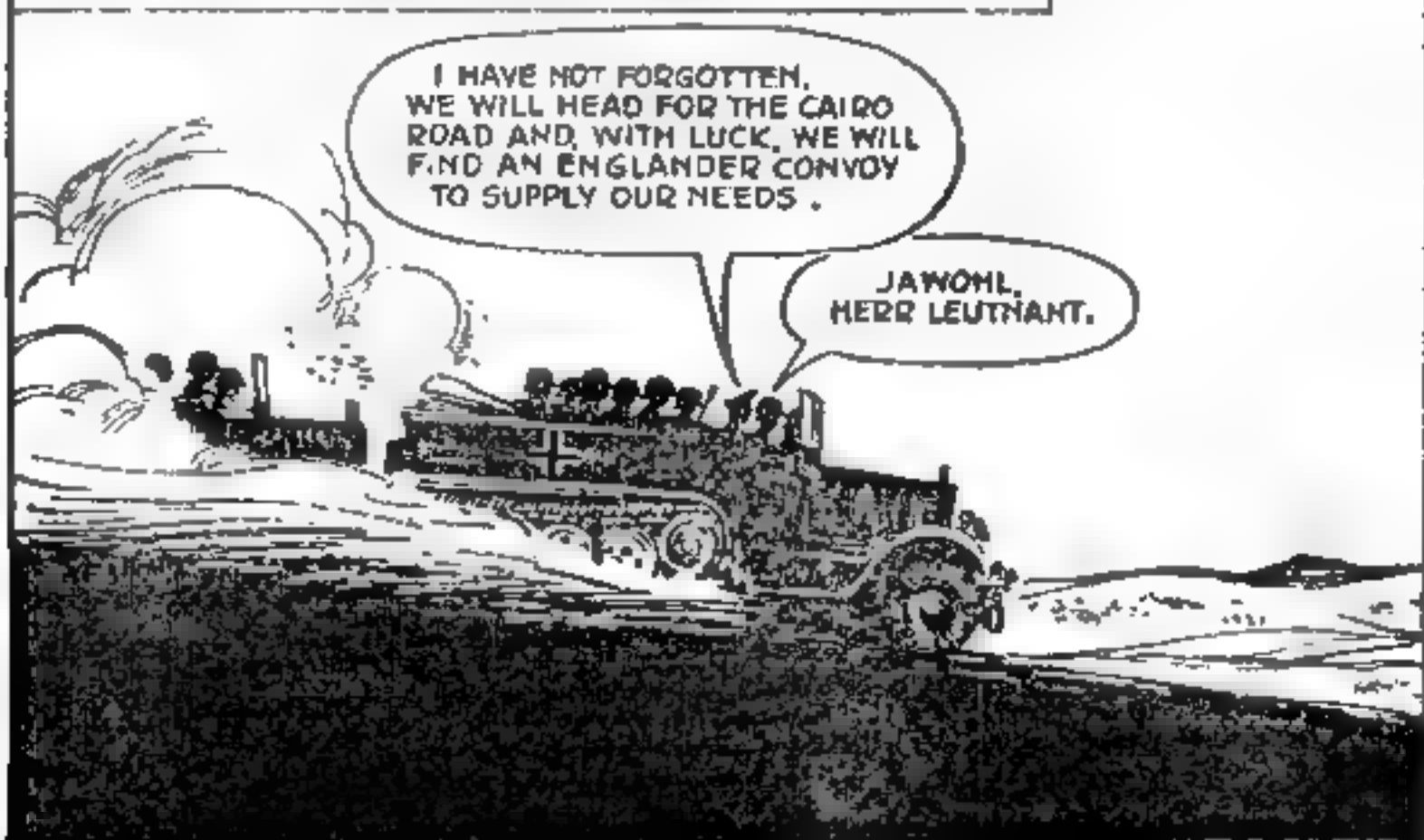
WE ARE LOW IN FUEL, HERR LEUTNANT.  
IT WOULD NOT BE WISE TO TRAVEL TOO  
FAR INTO THE ENEMY  
LINES . . .



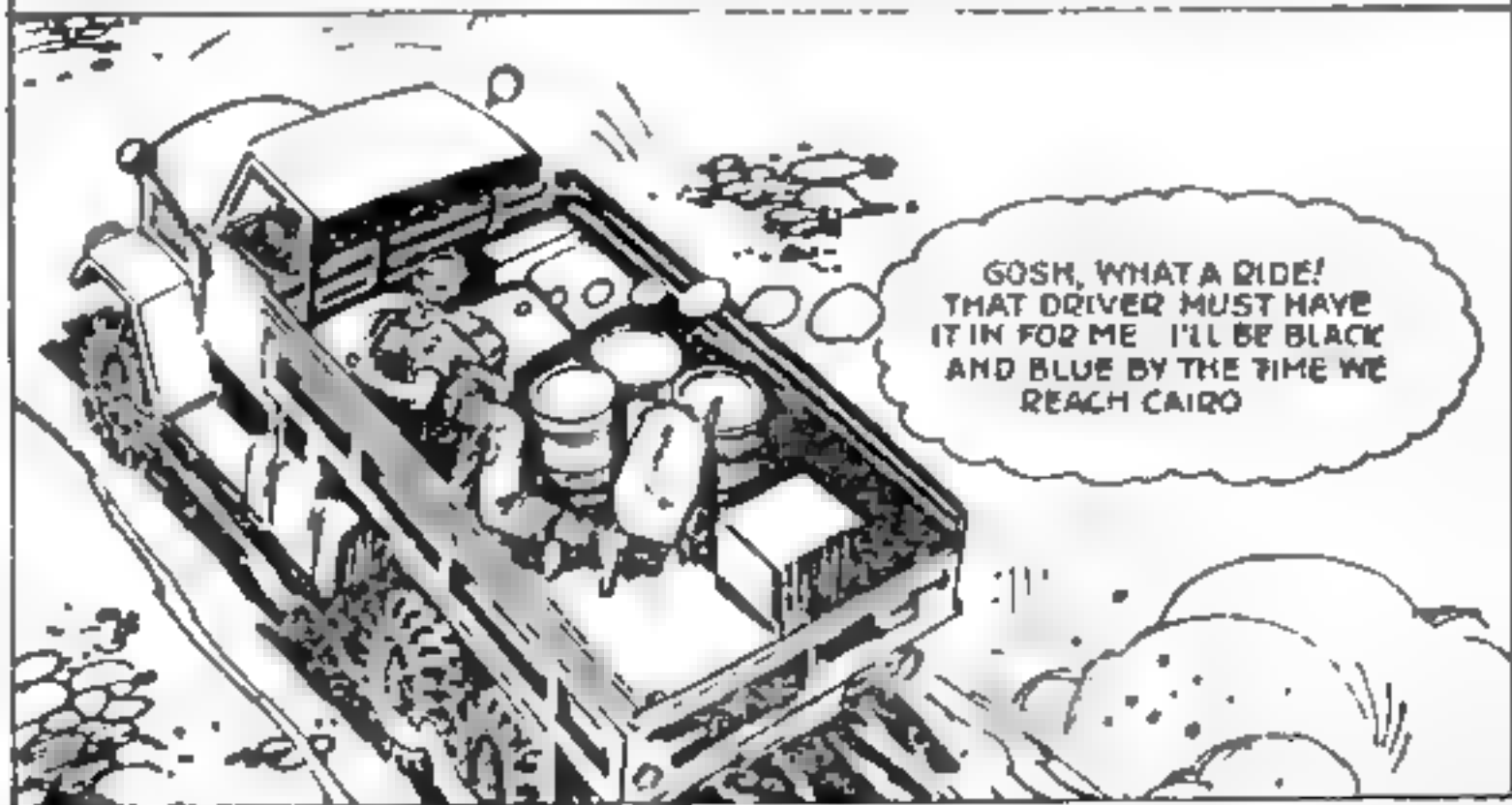
THE LEUTNANT SMILED, A RECKLESS GLEAM IN HIS EYES...

I HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN.  
WE WILL HEAD FOR THE CAIRO  
ROAD AND, WITH LUCK, WE WILL  
FIND AN ENGLANDER CONVOY  
TO SUPPLY OUR NEEDS .

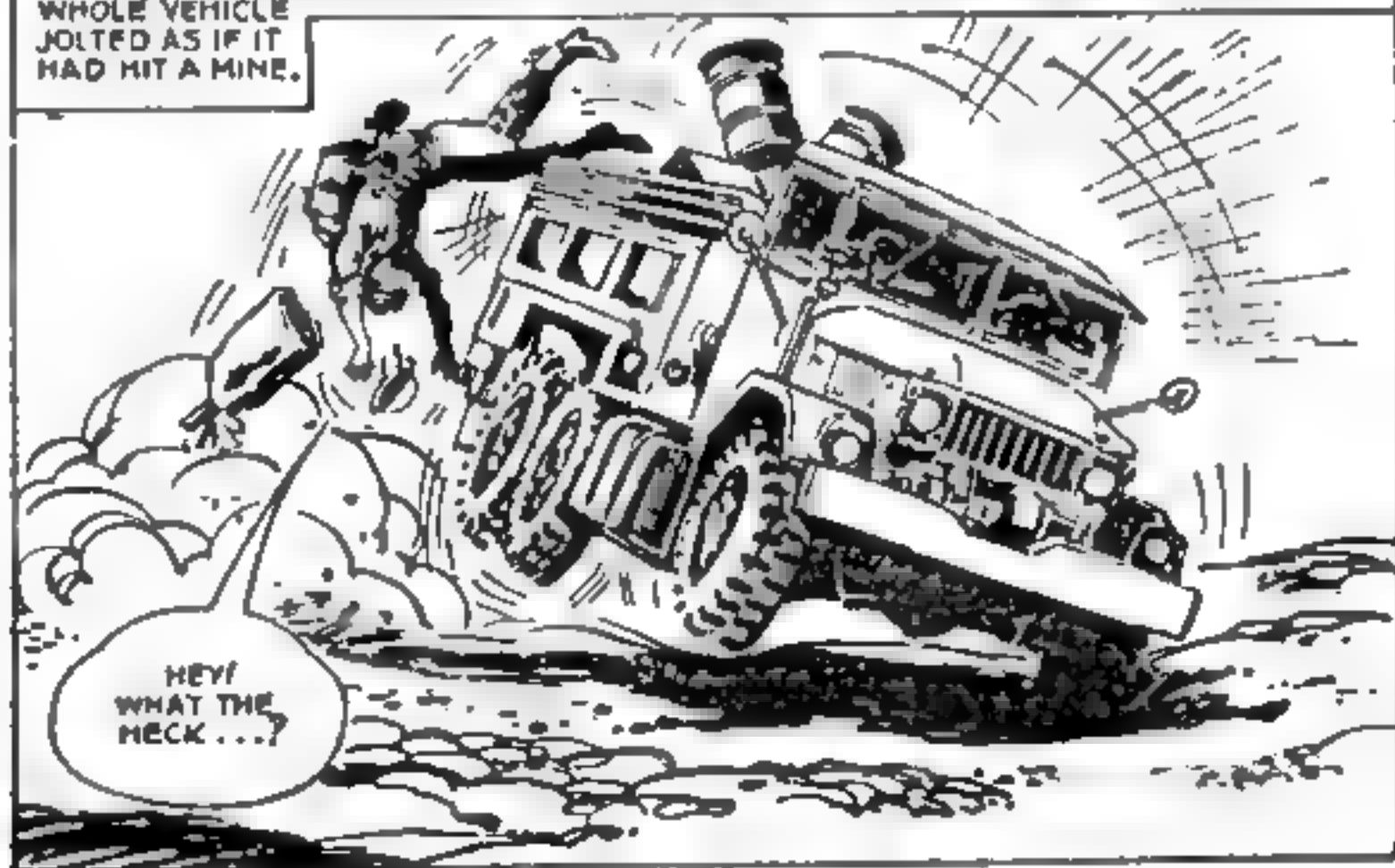
JAWOHL,  
HERR LEUTNANT.



AT THAT MOMENT, TIM, TRYING HARD TO FIND HIMSELF A COMFORTABLE SEAT, MOVED HIS KITBAG TO A NEW POSITION ON THE BACK OF THE JOLTING TRUCK.



BUT FATE HAD DECIDED THAT TIM WILLIAMS WAS NOT TO REACH HIS DESTINATION. AT THAT MOMENT, THE FRONT WHEEL OF THE TRUCK HIT A DEEP POT HOLE AND THE WHOLE VEHICLE JOLTED AS IF IT HAD HIT A MINE.





## Suicide Squad

HIS STARTLED YELL WAS CUT SHORT AS HE HIT THE GROUND. BY THE TIME HE HAD STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET, HIS SHOUT WAS IN VAIN . . .

HEY!  
COME BACK  
HERE!  
COME BACK!



UNHEARD ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE ENGINE, TIM COULD ONLY STAND AND WATCH THE TRUCK DISAPPEAR INTO THE DISTANCE. MISERABLY, HE SHOULDERED HIS KIT AND BEGAN WALKING.

A FINE START  
TO MY LEAVE.  
NOW I'LL HAVE  
TO WALK UNTIL  
SOMEBODY GIVES  
ME A LIFT.



GRIMLY, HE SLOGGED ON DOWN THE BARE, ENDLESS ROAD. THEN, AS HE LIFTED HIS HEAD, HE SPOTTED A CLOUD OF DUST COMING TOWARDS HIM . . .

TOO LATE, TIM RECOGNISED THE GRIM GERMAN MARKINGS ON THE VEHICLES AND FRANTICALLY STARTED TO DASH DOWN THE ROAD. BEHIND HIM A GERMAN SOLDIER LEVELLED HIS RIFLE.

SAVED!  
IT MUST BE ONE  
OF OUR PATROLS  
RETURNING TO BASE.  
THEY'LL GIVE ME A  
LIFT, AND I CAN  
CADDGE A RIDE TO  
CA RO FROM THEIR  
DEPOT . . .

THIS  
IS TOO EASY  
GOODBYE, HERR  
ENGLANDER . . .

EVEN AS THE GERMAN'S FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER, OTTO KNOCKED UP THE BARREL OF HIS RIFLE . . .

THE ENGLANDER  
IS ALONE, UNARMED  
— AND YOU WOULD  
HAVE SHOT HIM LIKE  
A DOG, BOTH HIM AND  
THE INFORMATION  
HE MAY HAVE!  
FELDWEBEL! TAKE  
THAT ENGLANDER  
PRISONER!

JAWOHL!

THE SHARP CRACK OF THE SHOT HAD BEEN WARNING ENOUGH FOR TIM. BLEAKLY, HE STARED AT THE HARD-FACED GERMANS WHO SURROUNDED HIM . . .

I AM SORRY  
TO SPOIL YOUR  
LEAVE, MY FRIEND,  
BUT YOU WILL TELL  
ME PLEASE HOW  
YOU CAME TO BE  
ALONE. WHERE  
ARE YOUR  
COMRADES?

NOTHING DOING, FRITZ!  
YOU'VE LEARNED ALL YOU'RE  
GOING TO FIND OUT FROM  
ME!



OTTO SHRUGGED AND JERKED HIS HEAD TOWARDS THE WAITING COLUMN. A HEAVY NOTE OF WARNING RANG IN HIS VOICE AS HE SPOKE TO THE YOUNG SAPPER . . .

YOU HAVE COURAGE, BUT DO  
NOT LET IT MAKE YOU STUPID. YOU  
WILL COME WITH US. IT WOULD  
BE WISE NOT TO CAUSE  
ANY TROUBLE!

I GET YOU—  
BE GOOD OR GET  
SHOT, OKAY,  
PAL . . .





IN DISTANT CARGO, THE DRIVER OF THE RATION TRUCK BRAKED TO A HALT, CUT HIS ENGINE AND JUMPED DOWN TO GIVE HIS PASSENGER FINAL INSTRUCTIONS.



BLANKLY, THE DRIVER'S MATE STARED INTO THE BACK OF THE EMPTY TRUCK . . .

I BET HE JUMPED OFF AS SOON AS WE REACHED TOWN. LOOK, HIS KIT'S GONE, TOO . . .

LET'S HOPE HE HAS THE SENSE TO MEET US ON THE WAY BACK.



THE SUBJECT OF THE 2 CONVERSATION WAS AT THAT MOMENT JOLTING IN THE BACK OF THE GERMAN HALF-TRACK, HANDS BOUND, MIND SEETHING WITH HELPLESS RAGE.



FOR FIVE DAYS, THE LITTLE COLUMN CHURNED THROUGH THE SAND THEN, TOWARDS DUSK, THE LEAD VEHICLE JERKED TO A HALT AS A GUTTURAL VOICE AHEAD BARKED A SHARP COMMAND.

HALTE!  
IDENTIFY  
YOURSELVES!

LEUTNANT OTTO SCHULTZ  
OF THE EIGHTH BRANDEBURGERS  
ATTACHED TO THE SECOND PANZER  
REGIMENT RETURNING  
FROM ACTIVE PATROL.

VERY GOOD,  
HERR LEUTNANT.  
ADVANCE.

AS THE COLUMN HALTED IN THE MAIN CAMP, A LITHE FIGURE STRODE FORWARD, HAND EXTENDED IN GREETING, EYES GLEAMING WITH RECOGNITION.

FRANZ! IT IS  
GOOD TO SEE YOU.  
I HEAR THAT  
YOU HAVE BEEN  
TWISTING  
THE LION'S  
TAIL.

SOON WE SHALL HAVE THE  
VERY SKIN OF THE BEAST.  
YOU HAVE ARRIVED AT  
A GREAT MOMENT FOR  
THE AFRIKA KORPS.

EYES GLEAMING WITH ENTHUSIASM, KAPITMANN BOHNSACK FLUNG AN ARM AROUND THE SHOULDERS OF HIS YOUNGER FRIEND, HIS VOICE VIBRANT WITH BARELY CONTROLLED EXCITEMENT.

WE HAVE A TECHNICAL EXPERT FROM BERLIN  
AND HE HAS BROUGHT SOMETHING WITH HIM  
WHICH WILL GRIND THE  
ENGLANDERS INTO THE  
SAND YOU WILL SEE.

HOLD IT,  
FRANZ! MY HEAD  
IS SPINNING! LET  
US TALK IN YOUR  
QUARTERS, JAY

BOHNSACK LAUGHED AND BEGAN TO LEAD HIS COMPANION AWAY



AS THE GERMAN GUARD'S SCHMEISSER PRODDED HIM ROUGHLY FORWARD, T.M.'S GAZE DARTED DESPERATELY AROUND HIM FOR A WAY OF ESCAPE





THEN, AS THEY PASSED BEHIND A PARKED HALF-TRACK, THE CAPTURED ENGLISHMAN GAVE A LOUD GROAN AND CLUTCHED AT HIS BODY IN PAIN . . .

OOOGH!  
MY STOMACH!  
I'M ILL!  
HELP ME,  
SOMEONE!

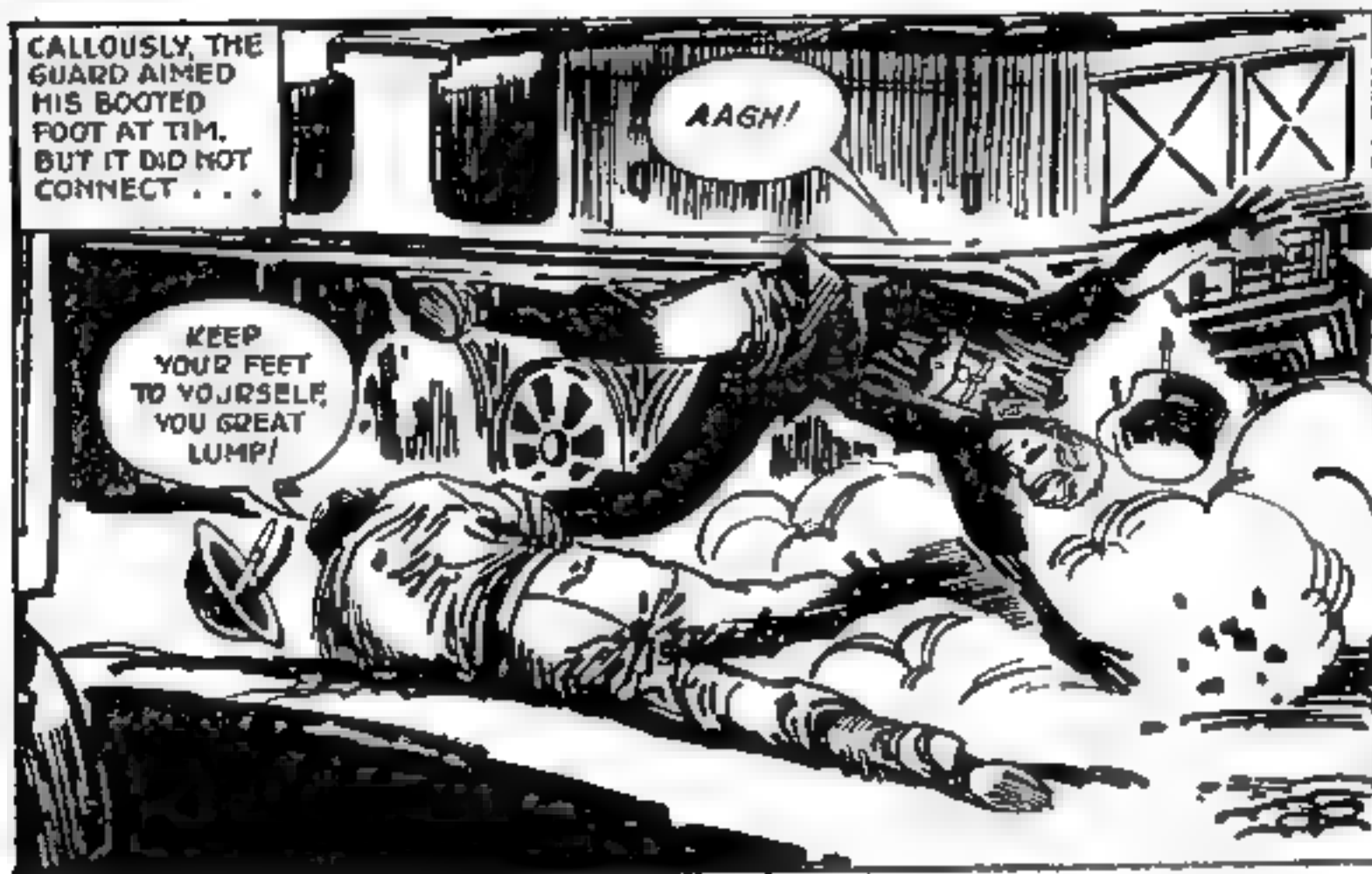
GET UP,  
CURSE  
YOU!



CALLOUSLY, THE GUARD AIMED HIS BOOTED FOOT AT TIM, BUT IT DID NOT CONNECT . . .

AAGH!

KEEP  
YOUR FEET  
TO YOURSELF,  
YOU GREAT  
LUMP!



OVERBALANCING, THE GUARD FELL BACK, HIS HEAD CRASHING AGAINST THE HALF TRACK. AS TIM SNATCHED UP THE GERMAN'S GUN, ANOTHER GERMAN LOOMED THREATENINGLY OUT OF THE NIGHT.



THE BARK OF THE SHOT AROUSED THE CAMP AND HARSH SHOUTS ECHOED THROUGH THE DARKNESS AS A HURRIED SEARCH FOR THE ESCAPED PRISONER WAS STARTED. . . .

ACHTUNG! AROUSE EVERY MAN, SEARCH EVERY MILLIMETRE. THE ENGLANDER IS ARMED AND DANGEROUS. HE MUST BE SHOT ON SIGHT!



DIM YELLOW LIGHT SPILLED FROM THE OPEN FLAP OF A TENT. SCHMEISSER AT THE READY, TIM DUCKED INSIDE . . . THE TENT WAS EMPTY OF GERMANS.



JERKING OPEN THE LID, THE YOUNG SAPPER SQUEEZED DOWN IN THE CHEST, LOWERING THE LID AS JACKBOOTED FEET TRAMPED INTO THE TENT . . .

THIS IS THE SPECIALIST FROM BERLIN, OTTO. MAJOR JUNGE . . . MEET LEUTNANT SCHULTZ

I HAVE HEARD OF YOU, HERR LEUTNANT. YOUR PRISONER IS CAUSING QUITE A DISTURBANCE

HE WILL BE CAUGHT, NEVER FEAR. NOW, HERR MAJOR, I AM EAGER TO HEAR YOUR PLAN TO DEFEAT OUR ENEMIES.





WITH A TIGHT SMILE, THE MAJOR TOOK AN OBJECT FROM ONE OF THE CABINETS AND LAID IT ON THE TABLE. IN TERSE, CONFIDENT WORDS, HE EXPLAINED JUST WHAT IT WAS . . .

THIS . . . IS AN UNDETECTABLE MINE! IT CAN BE SET, PRIMED FROM A DISTANCE AND EVEN EXPLODED WITHOUT DIRECT CONTACT. IT WILL ENABLE US TO WIN THE WAR IN AFRICA.

A MINE! BUT WE HAVE...

WAIT, OTTO! LISTEN CAREFULLY TO THE HERE MAJOR. THE FUHRER HIMSELF HAS SENT HIM TO US!

OTTO FELL SILENT AT THE NOTE OF WARNING IN BOHNSACK'S VOICE. JUNGE, HIS SALLOW FEATURES FLUSHED WITH EXCITEMENT, CONTINUED HIS LECTURE.

THIS MINE DOES NOT CONTAIN IRON OR STEEL AND CANNOT BE DETECTED WITH ORDINARY EQUIPMENT. THE CASE IS OF WOOD, THE TRIGGER OF SILVER AND ALLOY. IT CAN BE BOTH PRIMED AND DETONATED BY REMOTE RADIO CONTROL.

UNAWARE OF THE HIDDEN LISTENER, BOHNSACK TOLD OF HIS PLAN TO UTILISE THE NEW MINE. CRAMPED IN THE CHEST, TIM FELT A MOUNTING DESPERATION.

THEY'RE GOING TO SET ANOTHER TRAP, BUT THIS TIME THEY'LL HAVE EVERYTHING THEIR OWN WAY. THE BOYS WON'T STAND A CHANCE IF WE CAN'T USE THE DETECTORS. I'VE GOT TO GET WORD OF THIS BACK TO THE UNIT!

THE CONVERSATION OF THE GERMANS WENT ON, . . . AND ON. PARCHED, ACHING AND CRAMPED, TIM FELL INTO AN UNEASY DOZE. HE JERKED AWAKE TO SUDDEN MOVEMENT AND THE GRUMBLING WORDS OF GERMAN ORDERLIES. DAYLIGHT SEEPED THROUGH CRACKS IN THE CHEST . . .



TIM LICKED HIS PARCHED, CRACKED LIPS AS THE TRUCK JOLTED FORWARD OVER THE BURNING DESERT. THE GERMANS HAD DECIDED TO MOVE A PART OF THEIR CAMP AND HAD TAKEN HIM WITH THEM.



ALL THAT LONG, HEAT-SOAKED DAY, THE CONVOY GROUND ACROSS THE DESERT AND IT WAS ONLY THAT NIGHT, AS THE GERMANS RELAXED OVER THEIR EVENING MEAL, THAT A SLIM SHAPE MOVED STIFFLY OUT OF ITS HIDING PLACE...

UGH!

TAKE THAT, JERRY... I OWE YOU RATS SOMETHING FOR WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH TODAY.

LIFTING A CAN OF PETROL FROM THE BACK OF A NEARBY HALF-TRACK, TIM POURED THE LIQUID AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE VEHICLE AND UPON THE GROUND... AND THEN PREPARED A ROUGH FUSE

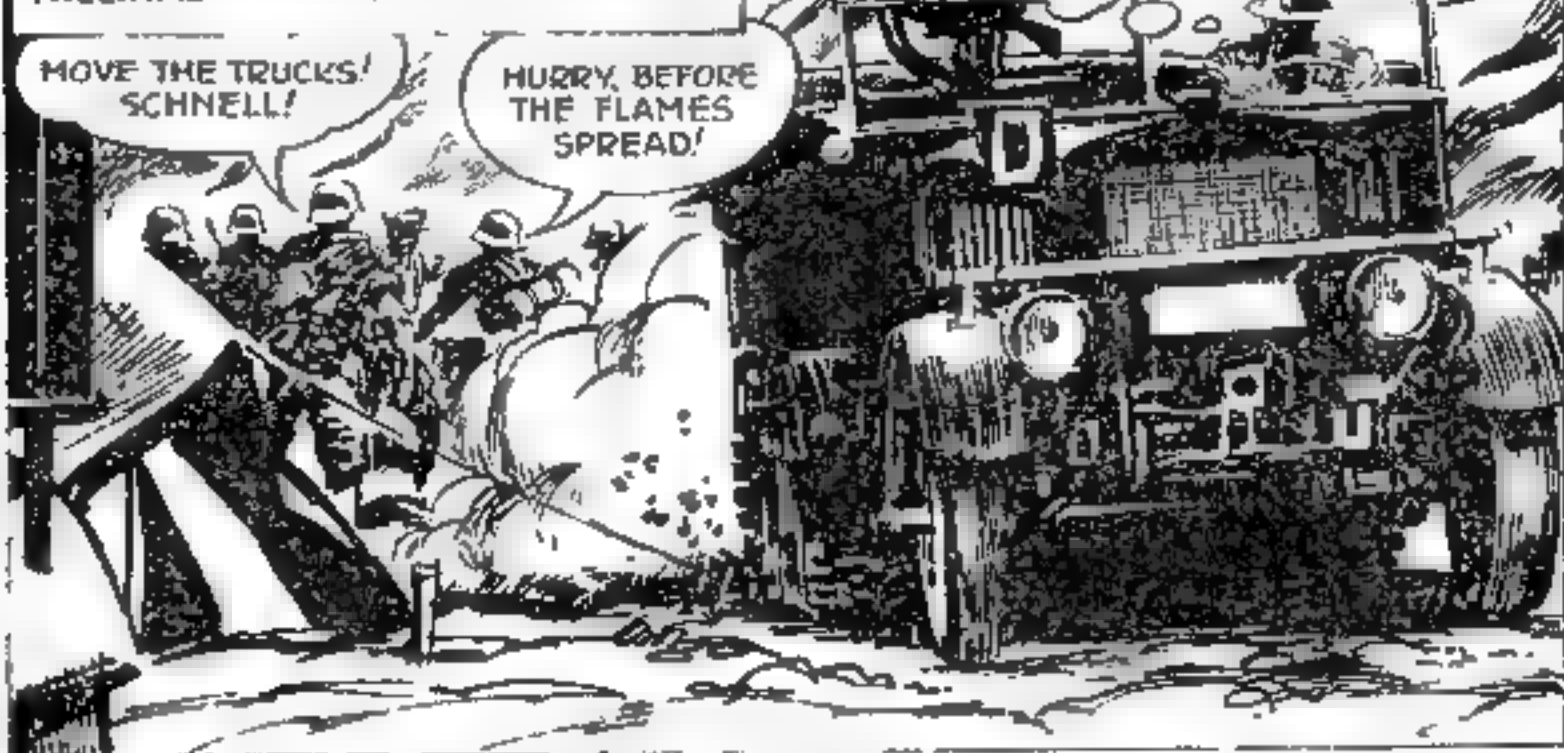
THIS TORN UP HANDKERCHIEF SHOULD BURN LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE ME TIME TO GET OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE THE PETROL CATCHES...

STARTLED YELLS RANG OUT A FEW MOMENTS LATER AS FLAMES ENGULFED THE HALF-TRACK. ENGINES ROARED INTO LIFE AS THE GERMANS RACED TO SAVE THEIR VEHICLES . . . AND AT THE WHEEL OF ONE OF THEM WAS TIM WILLIAMS

THEY'LL THINK I'M ONE OF THEM SAVING MY VEHICLE BY THE TIME THEY KNOW BETTER, I'LL BE MILES AWAY . . .

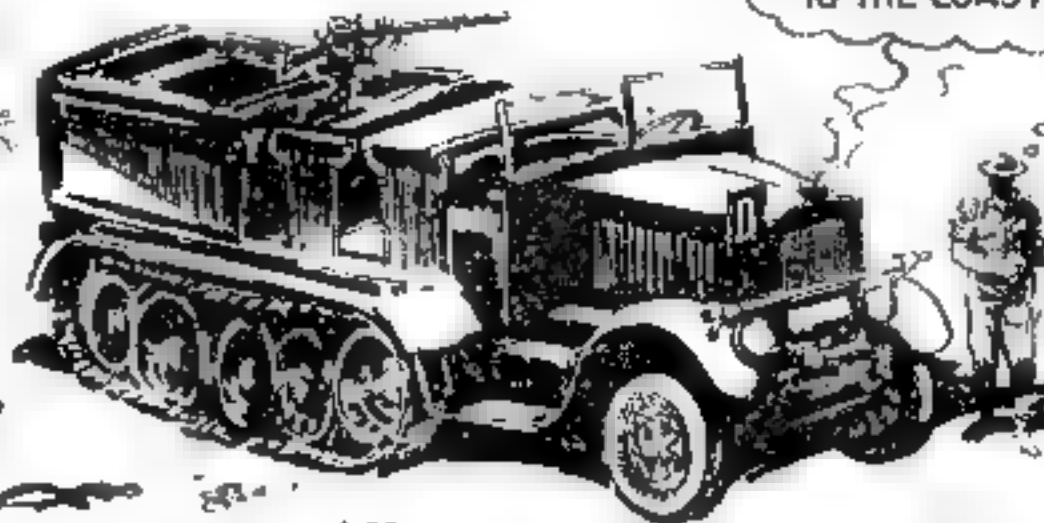
MOVE THE TRUCKS!  
SCHNELL!

HURRY, BEFORE  
THE FLAMES  
SPREAD!



THE PLAN WORKED. BUMPING THROUGH THE NIGHT TIM STEERED BY THE STARS AND BY COMPASS AT DAWN THEN, LATE THE NEXT DAY, THE ENGINE STUTTERED . . . AND DIED . . .

I CAME FARTHER THAN  
I DARED HOPE . . . BUT IT'S  
GOING TO BE A LONG WALK  
TO THE COAST ROAD . . .



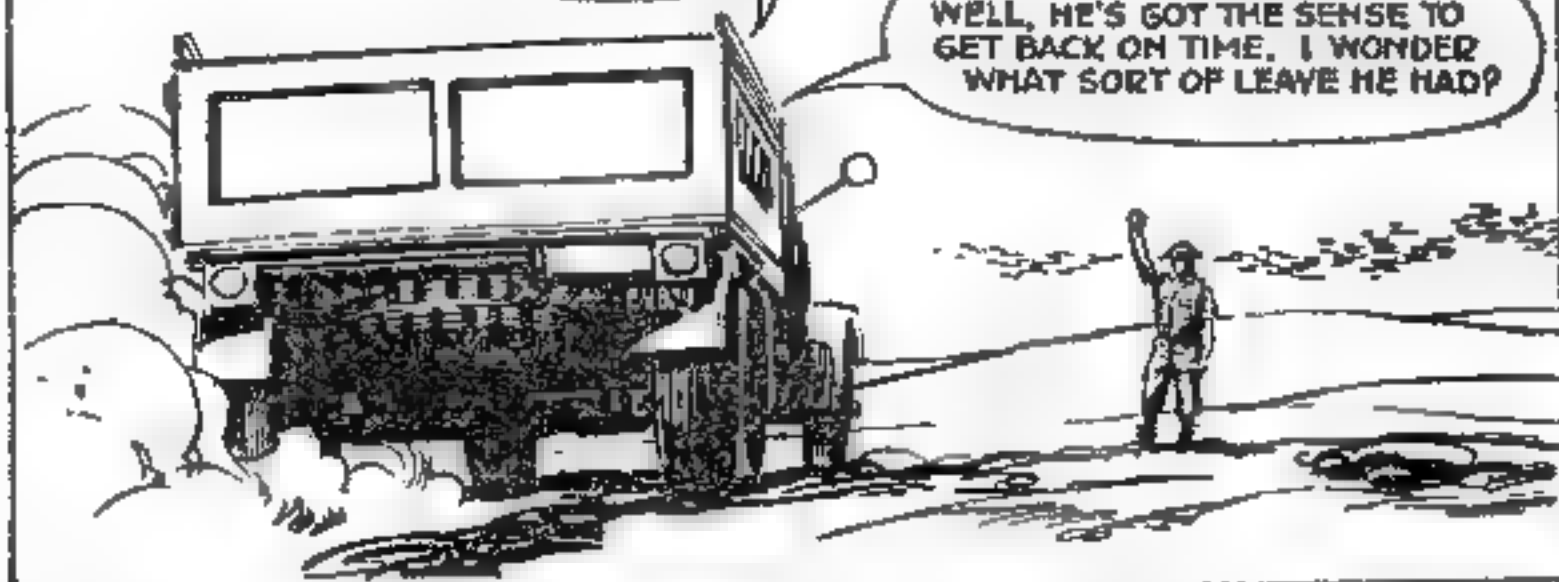


## Chapter 3. *Field of Death*

TWO HOURS LATER, LOUNGING IN THE PASSENGER SEAT OF THE RATION TRUCK, CHARLIE MAY JERKED UPRIGHT AS HE SAW A FAMILIAR FIGURE ON THE ROAD AHEAD.

DO YOU SEE WHAT  
I SEE, TED?

IT'S OUR WANDERING BOY.  
WELL, HE'S GOT THE SENSE TO  
GET BACK ON TIME. I WONDER  
WHAT SORT OF LEAVE HE HAD?



THEY LISTENED TO THE EXHAUSTED TIM'S STORY WITH RAW DISBELIEF AS DID SERGEANT MACKENZIE WHEN THE YOUNG SAPPER TRIED TO TELL HIM OF THE UNIT'S DANGER.

BUT  
YOU'VE GOT  
TO BELIEVE  
ME, SARGE!  
YOU'VE  
GOT TO!

OCH MAN, QUIT YER  
BLATHERING! I'D BE ALL  
SORTS OF A FOOL  
TO SWALLOW THAT  
YARN!

SPENT HIS LEAVE  
AS A PRISONER OF  
WAR, DID HE? DID  
YOU EVER HEAR  
ANYTHING  
LIKE IT?



FRANTICALLY, TIM REPEATED HIS STORY BUT ALL HE RECEIVED WAS DERISIVE LAUGHTER IN RETURN. HIS OWN REPUTATION WAS PROVING HIS WORST ENEMY . . .



NESTON'S PLAN WAS SIMPLE AND IT DREW A CHORUS OF AGREEMENT FROM THE GRINNING SAPPERS . . . EVEN TIM WAS QUICK TO AGREE.



A SHORT WHILE LATER, BLATANTLY MISUSING THE STAFF LINE, A CO-OPERATIVE SIGNALLER PUT THROUGH A CALL TO THE PYRAMID HOTEL . . .



THE RECEPTIONIST REACHED FOR THE HOTEL REGISTER THEN, FORGETTING THE PHONE IN HIS HAND, SHAPPED A BRIEF ANSWER TO ONE OF HIS STAFF . . .



THE SIGNALLER, ASSUMING THAT THE RECEPTIONIST WAS ANSWERING HIM, HUNG UP THE PHONE AND TURNED TO SERGEANT MACKENZIE . . .



## Suicide Squad

MACKENZIE BROKE OFF AS TIM, ALMOST BESIDE HIMSELF WITH HELPLESS RAGE, SUDDENLY FLUNG HIMSELF IN INSANE FURY AT THE BIG SERGEANT.



YOU  
STUPID FOOL!  
MAYBE I CAN  
PUNCH SOME  
SENSE INTO  
THAT THICK  
HEAD OF  
YOUR'S!

RIGHT,  
WILLIAMS,  
NOW YOU'VE  
**REALLY** DONE IT!  
IT'S YOU FOR THE  
C.O. I'M PUTTING  
YOU ON A  
CHARGE!

FACING THE CO, TIM AGAIN TOLD HIS STORY ONLY TO BE MET WITH THE SAME DISBELIEF. REGRETFULLY, MAJOR ROBINSON SHOOK HIS HEAD.



I'M GOING TO DEFER  
YOU TO BASE HOSPITAL FOR  
PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT.  
WILLIAMS. YOU'VE REACHED  
A POINT WHERE YOU  
SEEM ACTUALLY TO  
BELIEVE YOUR  
OWN LIES.

BUT I'M NOT  
LYING... I'M  
NOT... **I'M NOT!**  
YOU'VE GOT  
TO BELIEVE  
ME!



TIM LUNGED FORWARD, ALL THOUGHT OF RANK FORGOTTEN IN HIS DESPERATE NEED TO CONVINCE THE MAJOR THAT HE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH



HELPLESS IN THE BIG SERGEANT'S GRASP, TIM WAS CARRIED STRUGGLING FROM THE OFFICE, STILL SHOUTING HIS UNHEEDED WARNING . . .



LOCKED IN THE  
GUARD-HOUSE  
TIM SANK  
WEAKLY ON  
THE BUNK AS  
SERGEANT  
MACKENZIE  
STARED AT  
HIM WITH  
SOMETHING  
LIKE PITY . . .

YOU JUST GET SOME  
REST AND YOU'LL BE  
ALL RIGHT. WE'RE MOVING  
FORWARD IN THE MORNING  
BUT I'LL SEE YOU'RE SENT  
BACK BEFORE WE LEAVE.  
THEY'LL BE ABLE TO  
HELP YOU IN  
HOSPITAL.

THE  
ONLY HELP  
I WANT IS FOR  
SOMEONE TO  
BELIEVE ME

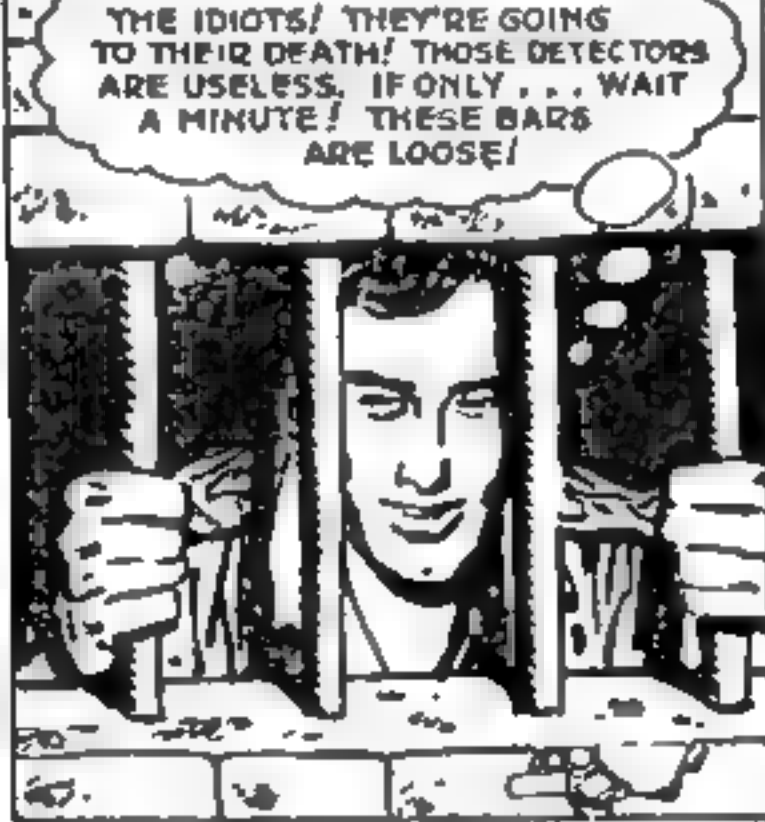
MACKENZIE SIGNED AND LEFT THE CELL.  
ALONE, TIM STARED THROUGH THE  
WINDOW AT THE ORDERED ACTIVITY  
OUTSIDE . . .

DOUBLE-CHECK  
ALL THAT GEAR.  
MEN, WE'RE  
GOING TO  
NEED IT  
SOON.

IT'LL BE  
A TREAT  
TO GET INTO  
ACTION, SIR.  
I'M FED UP  
WITH FIGHTING  
POTATOES!

TIM SHOOK THE BARS OF THE WINDOW,  
RAGING AT THE HELPLESSNESS OF  
HIS POSITION . . .

THE IDIOTS! THEY'RE GOING  
TO THEIR DEATH! THOSE DETECTORS  
ARE USELESS. IF ONLY . . . WAIT  
A MINUTE! THESE BARS  
ARE LOOSE!



THAT NIGHT, A SLIM SHAPE SLID THROUGH THE OPENING HE HAD FORCED IN THE BARS AND SLUNK INTO THE STAR-BRIGHT NIGHT . . .

I'VE GOT TO SAVE THE UNIT SOMEHOW. I KNOW WHERE THE JERRIES ARE GOING TO SET THEIR TRAP AND MAYBE I CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

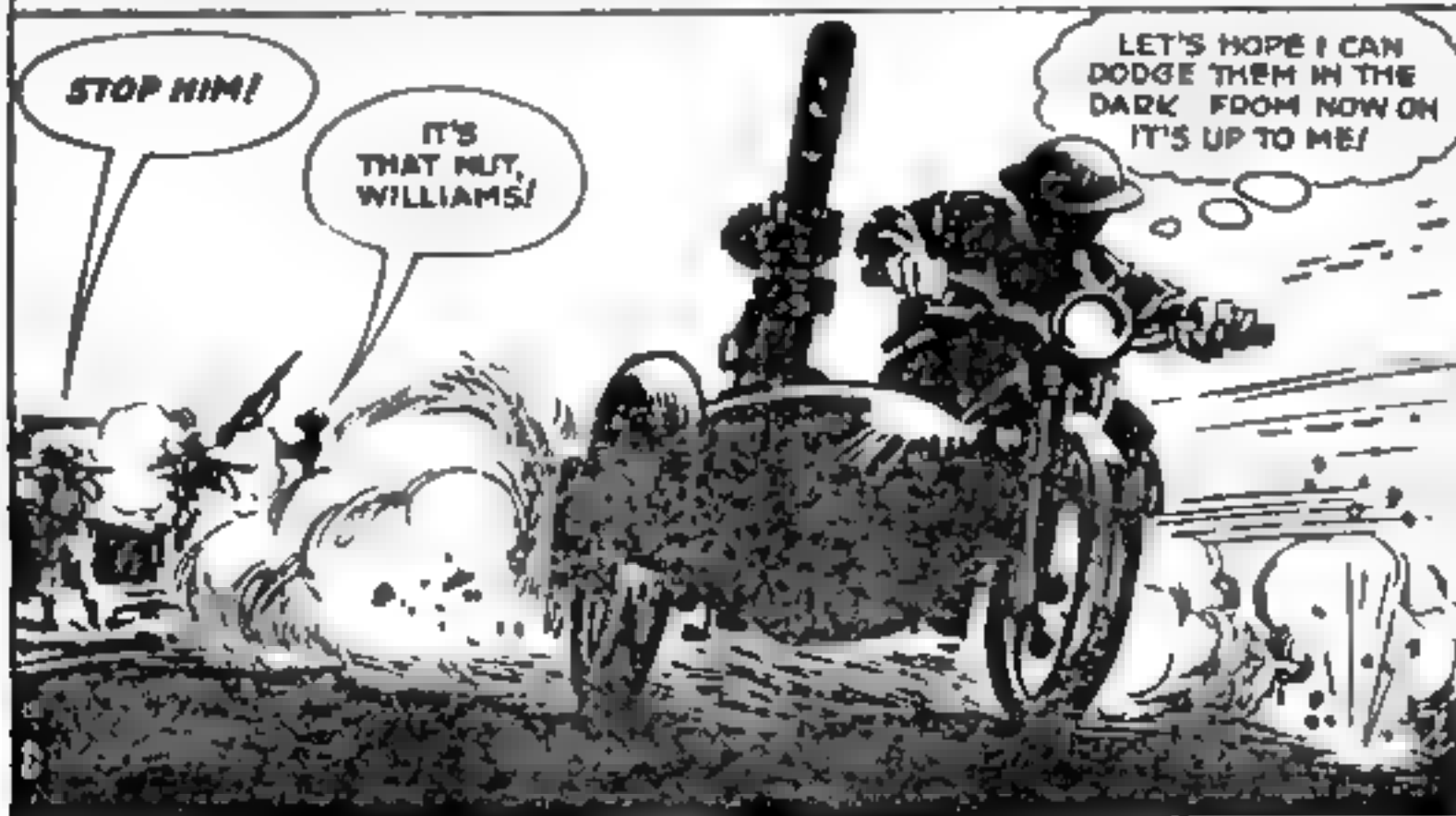
A SLEEPY SENTRY STARTED AS HE HEARD A METALLIC CLANG AT ONE END OF THE VEHICLE PARK. SNAPPING OFF THE SAFETY CATCH OF HIS RIFLE, HE STEPPED FORWARD TO INVESTIGATE

HALT!  
WHO GOES THERE?

SORRY ABOUT THIS, CHUM, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET SOME TRANSPORT . . . AND I NEED THAT RIFLE!

## Suicide Squad

THE GUARD SLUMPED UNCONSCIOUS TO THE SAND AND A SHORT WHILE LATER, TIM ROARED FROM THE CAMP PAST OTHER STARTLED SENTRIES



IT WAS LATE THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON, ON THE ROCKY DUNES OF EL HASSAN, WHEN A GROUP OF GERMAN OFFICERS COMPLETED THE LAST STAGES OF THEIR MURDEROUS PLAN.





ON THE WAY BACK TO HIS WAITING COLUMN, BOHNSACK GAVE FINAL ORDERS TO THE YOUNG OFFICER AT HIS SIDE

JUNGE WILL OPERATE THE MINES AND HE IS ESSENTIAL TO THE SUCCESS OF OUR PLAN. IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HIM, THE ENGLISH WILL WIPE US OUT

DON'T WORRY, FRANZ! THE ENGLANDERS DON'T EVEN KNOW WE ARE HERE

THAT NIGHT, RELAXING IN THE BLAZE OF STARLIGHT FROM ABOVE, OTTO AND HIS BRANDERBURGHERS KEPT CARELESS WATCH OVER THE FUSSY JUNGE AND HIS INSTALLATION

THAT LIGHT, HERD LEUTNANT, IS IT WISE?

THE ENGLISH WILL NOT ARRIVE UNTIL WELL AFTER DAWN, FELDWEBEL THEY WILL FOLLOW OUR COLUMN ACROSS THE MINEFIELD THEN THE GROUND WILL EXPLODE BENEATH THEIR FEET!

## Suicide Squad

AS DAWN BROKE OVER THE DESERT, THE FIRST BRITISH TANK GUNS FIRED AS SWEATING GUNNERS SILHOUETTED HATEFULLY FAMILIAR TARGETS IN THEIR SIGHTS.



CRAFTILY, BOHNSACK MANOEUVRED HIS FORCES AS GUNFIRE STABBED THE NEW DAY . . .



STILL THE BRITISH ADVANCED, SAVAGELY MAULING THE RETREATING GERMANS WHO WERE CUNNINGLY LEADING THEM TOWARDS EL HASSAN.



STANDING HIGH  
ON THE DUNES,  
LEUTNANT OTTO  
SCHULTZ, AND HIS  
MEN WERE TOO  
EXCITED TO SEE  
THE GRIM,  
TATTERED  
FIGURE STEALING  
FORWARD AMONG  
THE ROCKS.

THE PLAN WORKS!  
SOON THE ENGLANDERS  
WILL BE IN THE  
TRAP!

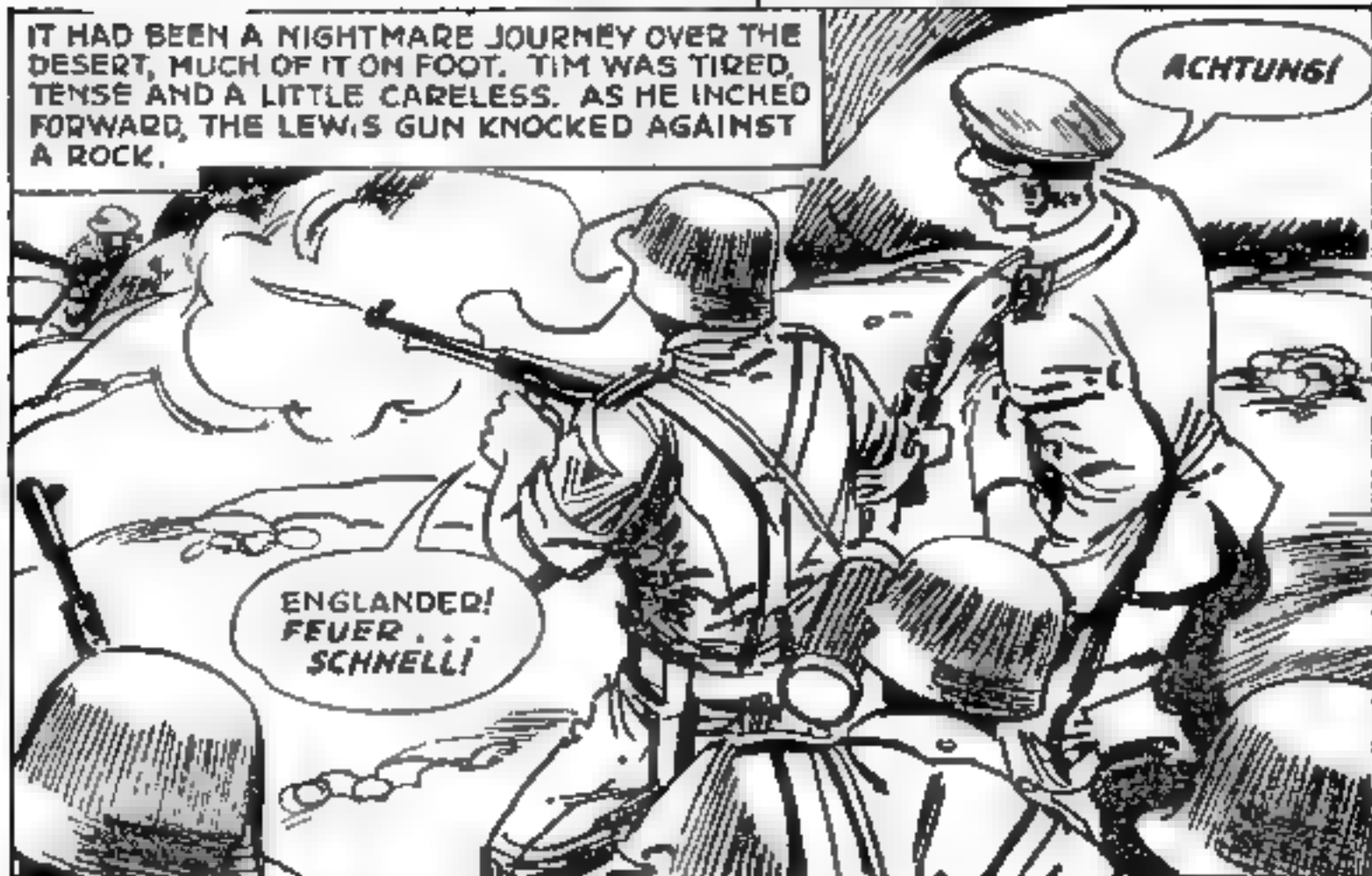
THAT IS  
GOOD, HERR  
LEUTNANT.

I'VE  
GOT TO DO  
SOMETHING  
AND FAST!



## Suicide Squad

IT HAD BEEN A NIGHTMARE JOURNEY OVER THE DESERT, MUCH OF IT ON FOOT. TIM WAS TIRED, TENSE AND A LITTLE CARELESS. AS HE INCHED FORWARD, THE LEWIS GUN KNOCKED AGAINST A ROCK.



ENGLANDER!  
FEUER...  
SCHNELL!

ACHTUNG!

TIM DESPERATELY SCRAMBLED THE BULKY LEWIS GUN INTO POSITION EVEN AS BULLETS WHIPPED TOWARDS HIM, HIS FINGER CLOSED ON THE TRIGGER.



WE ARE  
ATTACKED!

AAAGH!



FIELD-GRAY FIGURES FLUNG THEMSELVES INTO THE COVER OF THE ROCKS AS THE LEWIS CEASED ITS CLAMOUR. MARSH ORDERS RANG OUT AS OTTO CALLED TO THE GUARDING BRANDERBURGHERS.

GUARDS! SCATTER  
AND COVER THE  
AREA! SHOOT  
TO KILL!

JUNGE  
MUST BE  
PROTECTED AT  
ALL COSTS!

CROUCHED, RUNNING LIKE A HARE, HIS  
KHAKI MERGING WITH THE DUN-COLOURED  
SAND, TIM RAN A GRIM RACE WITH  
SEARCHING DEATH . . .

THERE GOES  
THE SWINE!

HE MUST  
NOT GET TO  
THE HOLLOW!

IT WAS ONE AGAINST MANY AND THE GERMANS RAN FORWARD, FORGETTING THAT THEIR QUARRY WAS ARMED AND DANGEROUS



THE PAN OF THE LEWIS GUN WAS EMPTY SO TIM RACED FORWARD AND SCOOPED UP A GERMAN SCHMEISSER. HE FLUNG HIMSELF BACK INTO COVER JUST IN TIME.

IS THE ENGLANDER DEAD?  
DID YOU KILL HIM?

JA, HERR LEUTNANT!



HARDLY DARING TO BREATHE, TIM WAITED TO SEE IF HIS BLUFF WOULD WORK. OTTO FROWNED, THEN TURNED TO WHERE JUNG STOOD, WHITE-FACED, BESIDE HIS EQUIPMENT . . .

I MUST SEE THIS DEAD ENGLANDER FOR MYSELF. IF I DO NOT RETURN, HERR MAJOR, YOU WILL KNOW HE IS STILL ALIVE.

BUT WHAT SHALL I DO?  
I . . .

OUR TANKS ARE GETTING CLOSE TO THE MINEFIELD, HERR MAJOR!



JUMPING UP BESIDE THE SOLDIER, OTTO SHADED HIS EYES AS HE STARED INTO THE DISTANCE. BOHNSACK'S PLAN WAS WORKING TO PERFECTION!

HERE THEY COME, MAJOR JUNG. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO?

JA!  
I SHALL ALLOW OUR OWN TANKS TO CROSS AND THEN PRIME THE MINES. THE ENGLANDERS WILL BE HELPLESS. IF THEY TRY TO CLEAR THE FIELD BY SOME MEANS I CAN DETONATE AT WILL.



THE CONFIDENT SMILE ON JUNGLE'S FACE VANISHED AS A RATTLE OF SHOTS BLASTED JUST BEHIND HIM.

DON'T  
MOVE!

THE  
ENGLANDER!

HIMMEL!

SNARLING WITH FURY, OTTO SPUN ROUND, THE LUGER IN HIS HAND LEVELLING AND SPITTING FLAME AND LEAD IN ONE SUDDEN MOVEMENT

AAAGH!

UGH! THE  
BRUTE'S HIT  
ME!

NEIN! NEIN!  
HAVE MERCY!



NUMBED BY THE IMPACT OF THE BULLET, TIM CRUMPLED TO HIS KNEES, THE SCHEISSER FALLING FROM HIS HANDS. JUNGE FUMBLING FOR THE PISTOL IN HIS BELT . . .



HIS MUSCLES EXPLODED IN A BURST OF DESPERATE ACTION AS THE YOUNG SAPPER FLUNG HIMSELF AT THE GERMAN . . .



DAZED AND FRIGHTENED, JUNGE STARED UP INTO A FACE CONTORTED WITH RAGE AND PAIN.

NOW... YOU'RE GOING TO DO EXACTLY WHAT I TELL YOU OR IT'LL BE THE WORSE FOR YOU. UNDERSTAND?

JA.  
I UNDERSTAND!

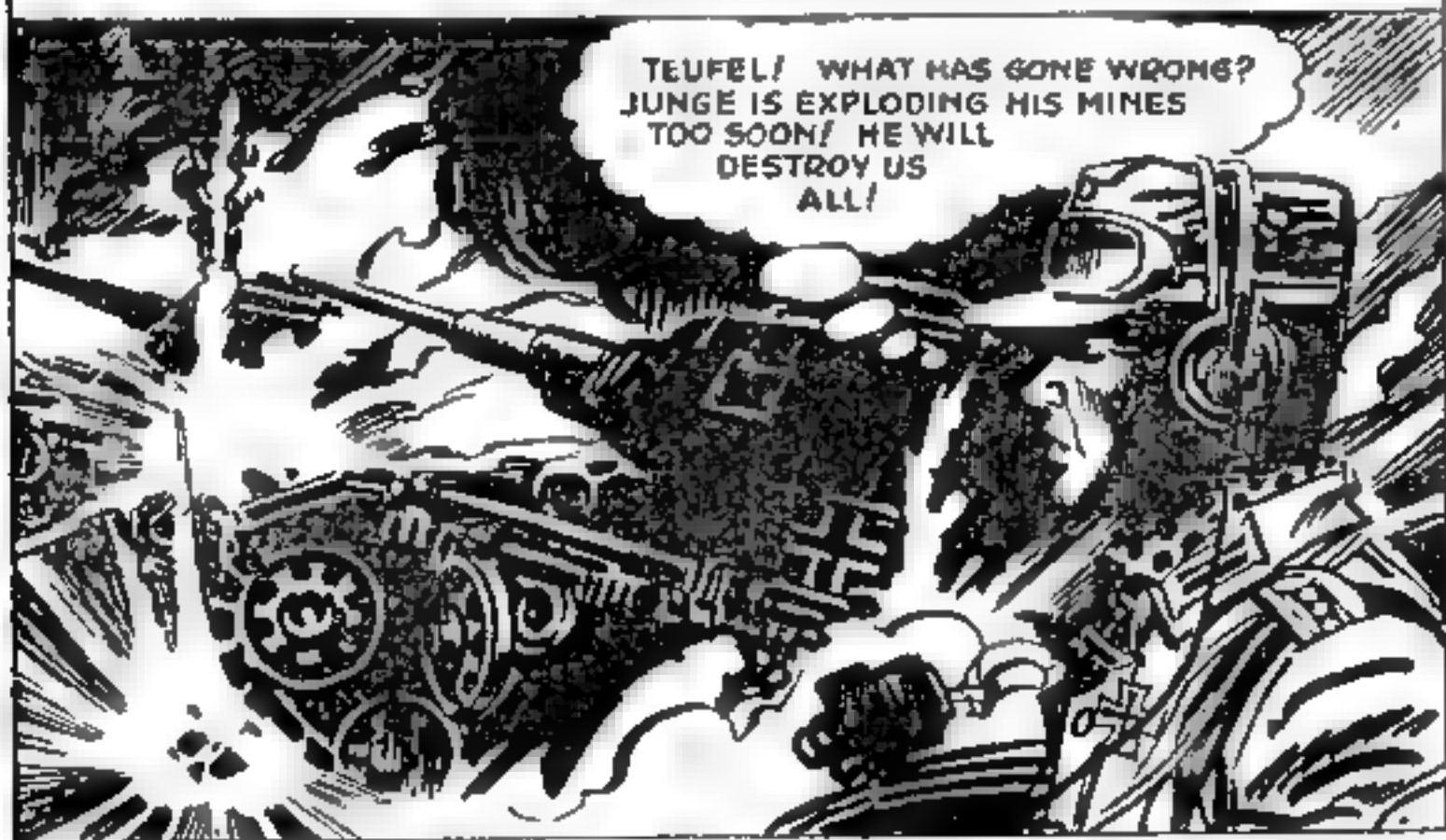


DOWN ON THE PLAIN, BOHNSACK SMILED AS THE FIRST OF HIS TANKS REACHED THE MINEFIELD. GLOATINGLY, HE LOOKED BACK AT THE ADVANCING BRITISH COLUMN.



THE ENGLISH FOOLS ARE FOLLOWING US TO THEIR DEATH. EVEN NOW WE ARE CROSSING JUNGE'S MINES ... SAFE FOR US BUT NOT FOR OUR ENEMIES!

**BUT HIS TRIUMPH CHANGED TO HORROR FOR, AS THE GERMAN TANKS PASSED OVER THE HIDDEN MINES, THE GROUND ERUPTED WITH UNLEASHED DESTRUCTION.**



**A GREAT PALL OF SMOKE AND SAND PLUMED OVER THE DESERT AS THE GERMAN ARMoured MIGHT WAS SMASHED INTO TWISTED RUIN.**



MINE CLEARANCE WAS A JOB FOR THE SAPPERS AND SERGEANT MACKENZIE, LEADING HIS TEAM, FROWNED AT A FLUTTER OF WHITE HIGH ON A DUNE.

A WHITE  
FLAG, SARGE  
IT LOOKS AS IF  
THE JERRIES ARE  
SURRENDERING.

AFTER  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TO THEM, I'M NOT  
SURPRISED.

THEY  
DROVE INTO  
THEIR OWN MINES.  
WE KNOW THAT.  
NOW KEEP BUSY  
WHILE I GO UP  
AND TAKE A  
LOOK.

CLIMBING  
TO THE RIM  
OF THE DUNE,  
MACKENZIE  
GAPED AT  
WHAT HE  
SAW . . .

YOU! OF ALL . . .  
I DINNA BELIEVE  
IT!

YOU DIDN'T  
BELIEVE ME BEFORE,  
SARGE, AND YOU COULD  
ALL HAVE DIED BECAUSE  
OF IT. NOW DO YOU  
BELIEVE I WAS TELLING  
THE TRUTH?



STUBBORNLY, THE BIG SERGEANT SHOOK HIS HEAD, SIGHING, TIM STRUGGLED UPRIGHT AND TURNED TO THE MINE CONTROL PANEL . . .

I HAD TO KNOCK OUT THE JERRY, BUT I CAN OPERATE THIS THING. SEE THAT PATCH OVER THERE? I'M GOING TO BLOW IT UP.

WHAT WITH? THE BOYS HAVE BEEN OVER IT AND THERE ISN'T A MINE THERE.

TIM SHRUGGED AND ADJUSTED A CONTROL. PRESSING THE BUTTON, HE GRINNED AT MACKENZIE'S EXPRESSION AS FLAME AND SMOKE GUSHED FROM THE 'CLEARED' GROUND

WELL, SARGE, DO YOU BELIEVE ME NOW?

GOOD GRIEF! I DO THAT! BUT, MAN, YOU'VE ONLY YOURSELF TO BLAME THAT I DINNA TAKE YOU SERIOUSLY BEFORE!



MUCH LATER, THE MAJOR MADE THE SAME COMMENT AND IT WAS ONE WHICH TIM TOOK TO HEART.

STRIDING FROM THE CO'S OFFICE, HE REALISED THAT NOW HE HAD A HIGHER STANDARD BY WHICH TO LIVE.

RECOMMENDED FOR A MEDAL, EXTRA LEAVE TO REPLACE THAT WHICH I LOST AND ALL THE PAST OVERLOOKED. BUT I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON.

TIM WILLIAMS, LIKE MANY OTHERS, HAD LEARNED THAT THE PENALTY OF A LIAR IS THAT HE IS NOT BELIEVED WHEN HE IS TELLING THE TRUTH. IT WAS A LESSON HE WOULD NEVER FORGET

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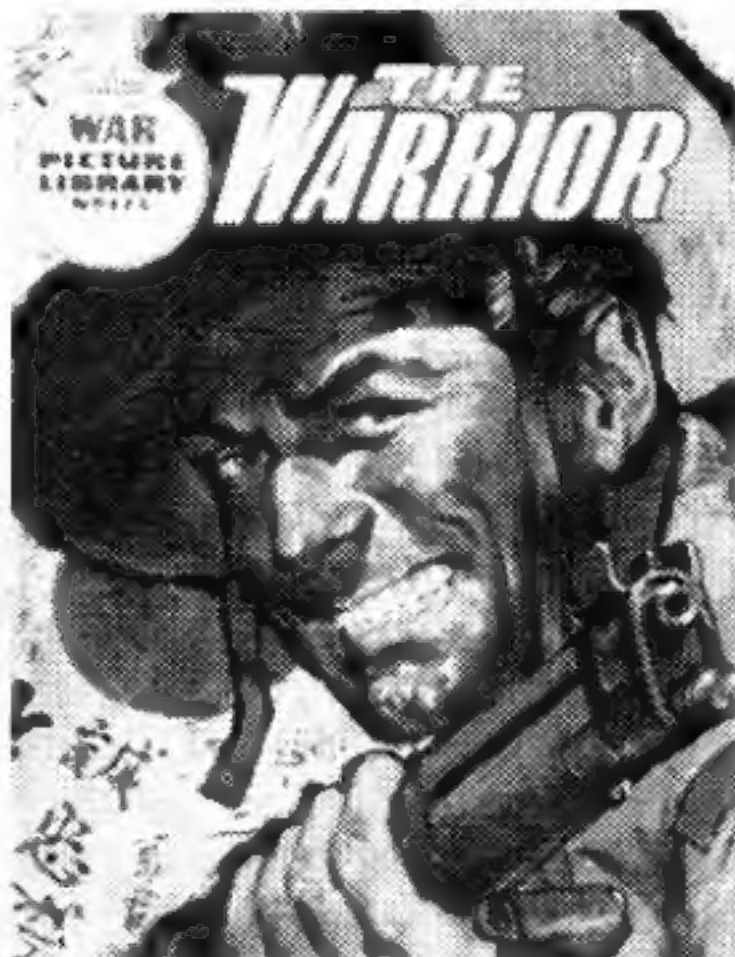
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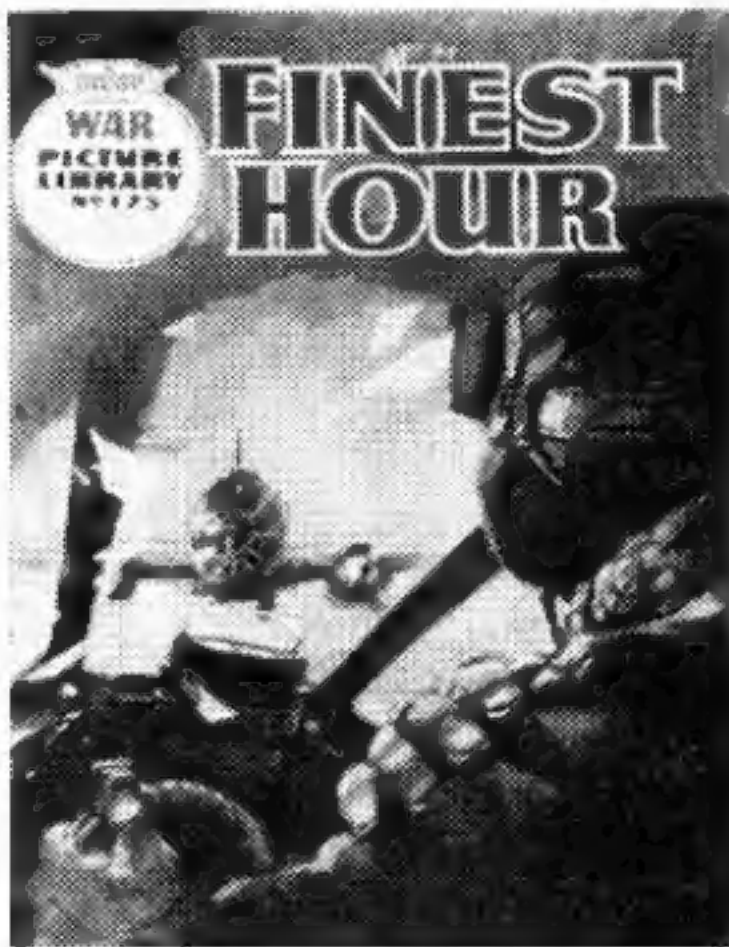
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